

You Showed Me Love by nikswlw

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst (But it's light I swear), Eleven/Max - Freeform, F/F, Hurt/Comfort, Light depression, Maleven, Unrequited Love, mentions of abuse, mileven if you squint, this is really gay, wtf is their ship name

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Summary:

Max Mayfield had never known love.

You Showed Me Love

Author's Note:

Ya'll this is my second fic i've ever posted so comments are very much appreciated. I hope you guys love this ship as much as I do because I just HAD to add this tag. Enjoy!

Max Mayfield had never known any type of love. She was always on the move, away from the few friends she made. Things got worse once her mother married her step-dad, and she found herself falling asleep covered in bruises and cuts. His way of showing his so called "love".

If possible, Max hated her mother more for marrying that monster of a man.

Then came Hawkins which honestly appeared to be just salt in her many wounds. A sick joke piled on top of her already existing misery. But she found herself second-guessing her first impression of the town after meeting (being stalked by??) Lucas Sinclair and his group of absolute NERDS. After a month or so, Max grudgingly came to the conclusion that she actually had friends who sort of (maybe) cared about her.

Then came all that supernatural bullshit and again, Max was not surprised. She had learned from a young age that good things didn't last long and yet, she got her hopes every fucking time.

Max didn't know love but she had to believe that somewhere out there, a single good thing would last for her.

Max's one thing came int the form of a bloody nose, and a pair of scuffed Chuck's. Blue eyes met brown and in that moment Max didn't know love but she couldn't help but believe in it

From that moment on it was Max and El. El and Max. They were inseparable and the boys couldn't help but wonder if something else was going on between the two girls. They never asked though, partly

out of privacy of their party, but mostly out of fear getting a skateboard to the face or a flying book in the gut.

But Max yearned for something more. From the moment she laid eyes on Eleven she knew that she had stumbled upon love, and it was eating her up inside. Everything about the girl made Max soft and it honestly scared the hell out of her. Looking at her made Max's cheeks burn and when they bumped shoulders or hands, Max swore she felt electricity sparking through her entire body. Needless to say, she was royally fucked.

Max had never personally known love but she knew that she had found it in the form of Jane Hopper, though she had found that the love she craved was rather one sided.

Max now grasped the basic concepts of love but she still yearned to experience it, and it was only at night, with El's breathing soft in her ear and her hands clasped tight in her hair and shirt that Max allowed herself to break. It was only at night where she allowed herself to imagine what could be with both herself and Eleven.

Max now only imagined true love, for she had no hope of it being reciprocated. Sleep no longer came, her mind so full of thoughts about herself and her family and Eleven that she no longer had time to take a break from her life. Eleven saw this, she tried to reach out to Max, she tried to reel her back in. What Eleven didn't know was that the more she tried to help her best friend, the more she hurt her. It reminded Max to much of what she truly wanted from Eleven, and this made her sink even further into oblivion, it made her lie awake a little longer, though she slept better with Eleven's tiny form at her side.

It was one of those sleepless nights where Max decided that love didn't exist. Only heartbreak and pure, fucking, agony.

All Max could feel was pain at this point. Physical from her family, who still tormented her, calling her a "fag" with every punch and shove. But what hurt the most was the mental pain from Eleven. Most nights the girl would curl into Max's larger body, a soft smile on her lips and her hands loosely entangled in Max's own. This shattered Max's heart into thousands of pieces. She could never have the girl

the way she wanted to. “Friends forever!” They would whisper under bedsheets and pillows but Max’s heart ached with every word.

“Love,” Max whispered only to the moon and El’s sleeping ears. “Is a horrible thing.”

Max began to truly think she would never experience love, for she had only felt torture for nine long months. Torture at seeing Mike fucking Wheeler and El giggle and stare longingly into each other’s eyes, torture when she and El had their weekly sleepovers and all Max would be able to think about was the girl who lay next to her at night, and finally torture, when Max got to her breaking point but she could only cry herself to sleep, the mere thought of telling Eleven her feelings making her curl up impossibly tight and shake until dreams took over.

It was also one of these sleepless nights where Eleven convinced Max that love existed.

Max was shaken from her dreams by soft hands and a softer smile. “Max?” A familiar voice pierced the dark and came to rest on Max’s side of the bed.

“El why are you up, go back to sleep..” Max winced as the lights burst on, momentarily blinding her from her companion.

“Max,” The lights dimmed again as Max’s eyes adjusted to Eleven’s adorable drooping eyes and bedhead. “You’re crying.” El’s voice was tentative and just as soft as the rest of her. Max’s hands bolted to her cheeks, pulling away wet, and trembling.

“It’s just a bad dream El, don’t worry about me okay?” She put some more force into her words, hoping her friend would take the hint.

El took Max’s shaking hands in her own. “No Maxine, you better tell me what’s going on with you, you’ve been drifting into Maxland the past two weeks and i’ve been real worried.”

“I-“ Max started but stopped just as quickly. What the hell was she supposed to say? “Haha whoops guess i’m in love with you El and have been for the past year, alrighty! Bedtime!” But some part of Max

knew that she wasn't getting out of this situation without practically baring her soul to her best friend.

'I have something to tell you.' Max whispered as Eleven shifted closer, holding Max's hands as if she was her lifeline and letting go would let her go forever.

'I'm gay, El.' Max breathed out, every muscle in her body tightening up as she searched her best friend's face for any sign of emotion. After a moment, Eleven finally spoke.

'Me to!' She announced cheerily.

If Max would have had a drink she would have spit it out, if there had been a record playing it would have scratched to a stop. Despite the lack of all these things Max still felt like her heart had stopped beating for a second and had then resumed, twice as fast.

'You what now?' Max said, her jaw clenched, though relief had begun to seep through her.

'I'm gay! And you are to! We can be like, best gay friends!' And then Eleven's eyes grew big and Max knew what she was about to say.

'No d-' Max started before Eleven clapped a hand over Max's mouth and yelled for the whole Mayfield house to hear:

'GIRLfriends Max!'

Max really did choke there, but as she was reminded multiple times thereafter (in between kisses), she had her girlfriend to take care of her.

Max Mayfield finally knew love.

Author's Note:

Kudos and Comments are greatly appreciated, thank you for reading! ;)